

A SUNDAY SERMON

(By Rev. G. C. Greenway, pastor of the Baptist Church of this city.)

A Vision of Our Task.

"Lift up your eye, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."—John 4:25.

Introduction: The work of Jesus had recently been in Judea building upon the foundation which John the Baptist had laid. The Pharisees had opposed Him and thought that they were rid of him, as he was at this time imprisoned. But Jesus suddenly appears upon the scene and is even more successful than John, in that he made and baptized more disciples than he. But when Jesus knew that the Pharisees were aware of his success, he left Judea accompanied by his disciples and departed into Galilee. In order to reach Galilee it was necessary to pass through Samaria. They arrived about the noon hour at Jacob's well, which has been the fountain at which the shepherds and flocks of the ages have come to slake their thirst. But now weary with the journey of the day, the shepherd of souls sits to tell one, who is thirsting for righteousness, of the fountain which shall become in her a well springing up into eternal life. So overjoyed did she become that she left her water pots and went into the city to tell others.

Just at this time the disciples returned from the city where they had gone to buy bread; but to their surprise he had meat that they knew not of; for he said, "My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to accomplish His work." Success is a soul stimulant. The disciples go on eating and are too busy with their meal to lift their eyes; and as they do so they talk of the harvest which is yet some months as indicated by the fields of grain through which they have passed.

But Jesus now sees a brighter prospect. It is the band of men who are now returning with the woman from the little city of Sychar, to which he calls his disciples' attention, as the harvest more worthy of their consideration. Do you say that it is yet four months until the harvest? I say, lift up your eyes and mark that eager crowd of Samaritans, and say if you do not hope to reap much even today for the fields are ripe already unto the harvest.

Here we see first the need of vision. Without doubt the disciples had not caught the vision of their task. Their eyes were cast upon the things of the world. The measure of the man is the measure of his vision. In reality the vision makes the man. It gives him his reach and power. One man sees nothing in the things about him and becomes one of the world's drones. Another looks up and sees the falling apple and discovers the law of gravitation, or sees the steam from the kettle and forms an engine; a flash from the sky and turns dense darkness into day, he sees an angel in marble, a hero in the child; and becomes an inventor, an artist, a prophet or statesman.

We must lift up our eyes. The ladder of life does not lie flat upon the ground, but as in the vision of Jacob it rises to heaven, and the angels of God are seen to ascend and descend upon it. Vision not only gives direction to the aim and energy of life but helps to discover and quicken one's nature. Man becomes more and does more because he reaches out beyond the present and actual.

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp.
Or what is heaven for?"

Jesus saw that the thing that his disciples needed was vision. The women and her friends were not very interesting or promising. The disciples did not think so, I am sure. They were not of a pure race—half Jew and half Canaanite. They were the scum of Sychar, how could anything be expected of them? That was indeed a dry and unpromising field. But Christ thought differently. So Jesus said to the dull-eyed disciples, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields." Less than an hour before Jesus had met the woman at Jacob's well. She was ignorant, superstitious and degraded. Can we not imagine ourselves withdrawing from such a character? Would our modern congregations feel altogether comfortable if she should come into our worship?

The great need of the church today is more vision. A vision that makes us feel that the unsaved world which lies about us is the task which our Lord of long ago assigned us—a vision that will make us feel that the differences in race, land and tongue are superficial and that the oneness of mankind is essential and vital. In such a vision the finest men and women of our day and other days have labored.

A great Italian sculptor one day, seeing a rough and misshapen block of marble which had been cast aside as worthless and useless, was seized as with a kind of Divine fury and began to use his hammer and chisel, and as he made the chips of marble fly he said to those who watched him, "Let me unloose the angel." With his quick artist's eye he had seen the angel in that rough, misshapen and outcast block. And in much the same way, in the world's waste and outcast material, Jesus saw what no one else saw. He saw the hidden and buried angel. Behind and beneath the sin and folly and shame he saw glorious potencies and possibilities. Down in the human heart, overlaid perhaps by wickedness and vice, he saw feelings buried which grace could restore.

Second, we need not only vision, but it should be a vision of Jesus. This is the vision I think that Jesus

wished his disciples to catch. Jesus was looking far deeper than his disciples. They were looking forward to the harvest time when the new garnered grain perhaps would establish a cheaper bread line. Characteristic of human life they were thinking more of their immediate wants than of the real needs of their fellow man. Our thoughts of life are too superficial. We think too much in the terms of the material and temporal and too little of the spiritual and eternal. We feed the body and starve the soul. Thus I think Jesus wished his disciples to get a vision of what men were and what they may become.

When we see men as they are, degraded and ruined by sin until every power to respond to the call of God seems to have been deadened, then it is that we come to have a vision of the needs of man. This is what Jesus saw in the woman at the well; a soul ruined by sin. He saw her need, not to drink at the well of Jacob, but to drink deep at the fountain of eternal life. This, too, is perhaps the reason he calls the attention of his disciples to the crowd which was now coming out of the city, that they might get a vision of the needs of men.

But the vision of the disciple of Christ should not stop when he has seen men as they are in their ruined condition. Let us catch a vision of what men can become. Jesus saw in Peter and John rough and untutored fishermen; but also the possibilities of loyal and courageous apostles. He saw Levi, not only as the despised tax gatherer, but as one with poverty of spirit and a hunger after a better life, that would make him a true disciple. He saw Saul, the conscientious Pharisee, the religious zealot, but also one of profound conviction, a sustained enthusiasm, and unwearied laborer as missionary, who through a vision of human need changed the face of Europe. Look at the church at Corinth formed of the people of the most corrupt city of the world. Their faith was weak, their lives were imperfect; none of them, as we are, as good as they might be; they were factious, selfish and worldly; yet Paul calls them saints. He peers through their stained and crippled lives and sees what men can become. Well did Paul know what Christ had for him and what he could do and was doing for others.

A pastor of one of our city churches, in the days of the open saloon, passed by his door each day on his way from his home to his study. He had often seen a handsome, well-dressed young man standing at the door of this saloon, whose chief business seemed to be to invite every one who passed to come in for a drink. One day the young man got upon the heart of the preacher. He determined to set about the task of winning this young man to Christ; not an easy task but a worthy one. After many conversations with the young man about his soul, the preacher began to have a vision of the possibilities of this young man for the Kingdom. One day in his conversation with the young man he said, "I wish that I had a young man to stand at the door of my church and welcome people as you do here." This seemed to grip the heart of the young man. The next Sunday morning this young man gave his heart to Christ and today he is standing at the door of the house of God and makes welcome his people. The preacher had the vision that Jesus wished his disciples to have, a vision of what men are and can become through the surrender of their lives into the hands of him who loved us and gave himself for us.

But where are we to go for this vision? We need not go anywhere to get this vision, get it right where you are. Jesus did not say we will go down to Jerusalem or to Galilee, but said, "Lift up your eyes" right where you are and catch a vision of the transforming power of God—a vision of redeemed humanity. Isaiah said, "I am a man of unclean lips and dwell among a people of unclean lips." There was no committee sent from Macedonia with an urgent appeal for Paul to come over and help them in a revival. Then, as now, men were indifferent or ignorant of their higher calling. God sent a vision and not a man, and it came just where he was.

The best way for a preacher to find a bigger field is to make the one he has bigger, by seeing and finding more in it. Thus one way of having a greater place is seeing the greatness of the place you now have. This was the failure of the Indians who sat at the foot of the Niagara. They heard its deafening roar and saw the beauty of its rainbow but not its possibilities. The man that sits at the foot of the Niagara for a thousand years and grinds his corn by hand has little vision.

A little girl said to her mother that there was nothing interesting. The mother declared that the whole garden and yard and orchard were full of interesting things. But she replied, "I can't see them." The mother said, "Go bring in the most uninteresting thing you can find and we will see." The little girl brought in a dead, dry twig fallen from the oak tree and threw it down saying, "There, if you can see anything interesting in that you are lucky." Her mother took up the dry twig and began to tell the story of the oak tree, from the acorn up through the summer growth and winter storm; of the branch on which this twig grew, waving and growing in wind and sun; of how the mother bird built her nest

Why a Live Stock Show?

Sam Jordan, of the State Board of Agriculture, is a man well known in Missouri and in other states because of his work in agriculture. He is now connected with the State Board of Agriculture. Mr. Jordan has had a great deal of experience in agricultural shows. Here is some of the things he has to say about a live stock show: "No system of farming can be just what it ought to be without the growing of live stock as a part of it.

"Land prices are so high that only the best live stock can be expected to bring satisfactory returns. Some of the reasons why well-bred live stock should be grown are that it takes longer to grow 100 pounds of scrub than it takes to grow 100 pounds of well-bred stock, and the scrub will eat as much each day as the well bred, and he has to eat more days to reach the same size. Those extra days then are all lost. The only thing that anybody might argue as in favor of the scrub is that he affords the feeder a greater amount of exercise.

"The scrub takes as much barn room as the well bred—and he has to use the room longer. The well bred animal makes you proud of your work, you take better care of him, and the well bred animal simply makes the man a better farmer.

"There is but one possible argument in favor of the scrub, and that is, when he has gone to market and you have the money for him, it makes a lighter load and does not wear out your pocket so badly."

Bonne Terre Store Robbed

The store of Gidley Bros., at Bonne Terre, was robbed about 3 o'clock Wednesday morning of a large amount of goods, estimated at near \$1,000 worth. The robbery was not discovered until the store was opened for business, when it was reported to Prosecuting Attorney Coffey, who at once became busy, in company with Deputy Sheriff Bullock and Marshal Black, of Bonne Terre.

They had soon traced part of the goods three miles southwest of Bonne Terre, where they found Earl Nichols and Dick Witherspoon in charge of them. The two men under arrest confessed to the crime and escorted the officers to the home of Alton Craft, where the remainder of the stolen property was found, all of which was returned to the owners. Theo. Miller was also arrested as an accomplice. All plead guilty, waived examination, and they will be tried at the regular November term of circuit court.

Other stolen goods were also found in Craft's home, which will have to be accounted for.

on that branch, and birdlings, came into that nest; and how the mate bird sat on this very twig and sung to the mother and nestlings, while the great sky soared overhead, full of light and glory—until her little daughter's eyes danced, and she cried, "O, mamma, isn't it wonderful!" A child's story, of course, but how true to life. Yes, "Lift up your eyes" just now, where you are, and see what Jesus saw. The field of unsaved souls and disciples harnessed up with the power of God as the force for the salvation of the world. Do you belong to the force or the field?

It is said flowing the earthquake at San Francisco that a Chicago paper had a very suggestive picture on the front page. The center of the picture represented the smoldering ruins of the wasted city. The great business buildings and the beautiful homes, along with the wealth they represented, were marked by unsightly piles of bricks and stones. Some buildings were standing, but with cracked walls and tottering towers. The highways were blocked with debris. Water mains, gas mains, sewers, lighting plants and trolley lines were wrecked and useless. Poverty-stricken, terrified and hungry crowds of people were sheltered in tents and fed with the food sent by sympathetic citizens of other places.

At one end of this picture, standing on an eminence which overlooked the great ruin, there was a man who represented the manhood of the city. He was dressed in the clothes of a working man, with sleeves rolled up, his shirt open at the neck, and with one hand shading the eyes he looked at the awful spectacle before him. He leans forward. We follow the line of his vision and find that it is centered in the great cloud of smoke which hangs over the ruins. We look closer, and in the center of that cloud is a beautiful picture of the restored city of the future. Its avenues throng with life and business activity. Its citizens are well fed and clothed, and peace and prosperity prevail. The onlooking citizen who catches this vision of the new San Francisco sticks a square and trowel in his belt, takes hammer and saw in his hand and with burning eyes, set lips and throbbing muscles, starts forward to aid in the reconstruction of the city of vision.

Men of God look upon the waste and ruin wrought in the world by sin, the soul-suffering and general destitution of sin-cursed humanity. The look from this to the vision of redemption and restoration, which stand out upon the pages of prophecy. Let us catch the vision of the Master and lay hold upon the means and opportunities for service, and with faith and courage go out to assist in the world's redemption.

Attention, Wheat Producers

You are invited to attend a demonstration of how to control loose smut in wheat. Loose smut (so-called "blasted heads") caused a big loss this year. Demonstrations will be held at the following places:

Tuesday, Oct. 3, 9 a. m., Lee Roy Johnson's.

Tuesday, Oct. 3, 1 p. m., Detring Brothers, south of Libertyville.

Wednesday, Oct. 4, 7 a. m., W. D. Ashburn.

Wednesday, Oct. 4, 1 p. m., Ed Powers, southeast of Bismarck.

Thursday, Oct. 5, 8 a. m., I. T. Sides, R. F. D. No. 6.

Thursday, Oct. 5, 1 p. m., C. C. Weimer & Son, Farmington Route 6.

Friday, Oct. 6, 7 a. m., F. H. Best, Farmington, Route 3.

Friday, Oct. 6, 1 p. m., J. D. Rion, Farmington, Route 2.

Farmington Team Are Easy Winners

The Farmington High School football team won easily from the St. Vincent's High School team of Perryville on the Farmington grounds last Friday afternoon, the final score being 53 to 0 in Farmington's favor.

The game was Farmington's from the first, St. Vincent being unable to gain in their try at downs, while Farmington never once failed to make the necessary ten yards in four scrimmage.

While the score indicates that Farmington has a much superior team to St. Vincent, there were no sensational plays made. However, every member of the Farmington team played a splendid game and the team-work showed the boys to have had good training.

Coach King gave everyone of the "subs" a try-out, using all told twenty men. Not a single player on either team was injured. The game was largely attended but was too one-sided to be very interesting.

St. Vincent came to Farmington with a team composed almost entirely of new and inexperienced men.

Perryville High Here This P. M.

Perryville High will be here for a game this afternoon. The team is Farmington's old time rival and are coming with a much stronger team than St. Vincent's, as several of the players are lettered men.

Farmington High will have to use a few "subs". The men have gone through heavy scrimmage work this week and are fast whipping into shape for the game on Oct. 6th, which will be played at Sikeston.

Captain Graves will be out with an injured knee and E. J. McKinney with a broken shoulder, both injuries having been sustained during practice early this week.

The game with Perryville High is called for 3:30 this afternoon. Farmington High School is known as the "School with the College Spirit". Show the team that you believe it by your presence and by boosting for the team.

A Double-Header Ball Game Sunday

Base ball fans will be given an opportunity to witness a double program in the Farmington ball park next Sunday afternoon. The first will be a 7-inning game, between the Copenhagen team and the locals. Play will begin at 1:45 sharp.

In the second game, DeLassus and Farmington teams will be contenders, and is scheduled to start at 3:30. Both these games should be interesting. Dr. Herwig, manager of the DeLassus team, states that the line-up of his team will be composed of none but regular players, notwithstanding reports that he proposed running in a professional twirler.

Admission to this double program will not be increased, but will remain the same as usual, 25c and 35c. This bill should afford an afternoon of rare sport for all base ball enthusiasts.

The Farmington ball team suffered another of the rare defeats that has been delivered to them the past season, when they played the Bonne Terre team on the latter grounds last Sunday. The score was 11 to 5 in favor of Bonne Terre.

Soldier Boys Are Being Remembered

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the American Legion of Bonne Terre visited State Hospital No. 4 Tuesday afternoon. They brought with them a large amount of home-made candy, which they bestowed on the soldier patients in most profuse manner, much to their pleasure and enjoyment. The recipients pronounced the candy as the finest they had ever tasted—and so much of it.

Yesterday afternoon the D. A. R. of this city paid the soldiers at the same institution a visit, and repeated the performance of making the boys glad, by taking with them a number of appetizing things to eat and drink. They also had an entertaining program, which was greatly enjoyed.

Kansas City Entitled to Pennant in Entertainment of State Press Meeting

The Missouri State Press Association held their annual meeting in Kansas City last Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and never before, The Times believes, was that organization so splendidly entertained in this State. The headquarters were at the Muehlebach hotel, where the meetings were held, and between meetings every available hour was occupied in splendid and elaborate entertainment. About 200 editors, including wives and families, gathered for this meeting, and everyone present seemed to be not only pleased, but delighted, that they were there.

All the business meetings were full of interest, and a number of very excellent papers were read and talks made, notable among them being a "conversation" by Dean Walter Williams, on "Seven Camps of Journalism," and a most interesting talk by Mrs. Mary Blake Woodson, of the Kansas City Star, on "The Rural Press from the Sideline," whose work it is to look over the country press from the "observatory" of that paper. Harry Denman, of the Farmington News, also read an interesting paper on the afternoon of the first day on "What is News."

On Thursday evening the press party were the guests of the Kansas City Star at a most elaborate banquet, given in the Kansas City Club building, followed by an entertainment in the Orpheum theatre. During the entire course of the banquet, there was superb in every respect, there was most excellent instrumental and vocal music, pleasantly drawing out the time to an extent that most of the life diners were able to consume a large part of the many courses set before them.

After the business meeting Friday morning, the press party were taken in automobiles to the splendid home of Col. Walter S. Dickey, where they were again entertained in a manner abundantly pleasing to all. On the splendid lawn of their clever host they were served with a most appetizing luncheon, after which the guests were asked to gather about the front piazza, where was rendered an excellent portrayal of one of Andrew (pronounced Andy) Gump's meetings in his Congressional race. Such a favorable impression did the Gump family make on the auditors that he was given the unanimous endorsement of those present for President in 1924. This sketch was put on, we understand, by members of the newspaper forces of Col. Dickey's papers, the Journal and Post, and indicates they are not "single track" folks.

In Memory of a Good Citizen

"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. As to the rest there is laid up for me a crown of Justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, shall render to me."—Timothy 4:7-8.

My Dear Friends: The flower blows and blooms and then turns its face to the God that made it and then it dies. The sun rises glorious in the gateways of the dawn, ascends the heavens in ever-increasing splendor, sinks into the west and with one last flush of parting it is gone; and though that day has been the greatest of all days, the night has come and the day is dead. Up amidst the loneliness of the mountain a spring issues forth, a tiny silver thread, from the hard bosom of the rock, it grows into a stream, the rivulet swells into a river, and the river rolls majestic through all the land, it sinks into the sea and is lost.

These are things that have no life, things that the hand of man, the mind of man can dominate, but is it otherwise with man himself the master? The infant smiles up into its mother's face, the child becomes a boy, the boy grows into a man, is crowned for a little time with the crown of youth, is soon smothered in the ashes of life's grey age, the man is dead.

To everything the world sees and holds there must come an end. From the very beginning of creation we behold the dead being carried out for burial from every heart and home. The feet of all mankind are stained with grave-yard dust and there is no use for us to whiten the sepulchre, because we cannot get away from the idea of death.

There are occasions, my friends, when even the expression of sympathy appears an intrusion. There is a feeling of sorrow so very deep that even out of pity one had better leave condolence alone. I experience this feeling, brother, as we gather this morning around the bier of a loving father, a devoted Christian, Judge Harter.

And yet for the sake of his many friends I see around me, I feel I must give utterance to a few words of sympathy and counsel, were it only as a last tribute of respect to one who commanded it so deservedly during life.

We can truly say a shining light has been put out in our midst, and above all the earth, the sacred shrine of domestic virtue, the home, has been robbed by cruel death of its king. It is said and I am afraid, truly, that we appreciate the parent mostly when he is gone. It is then that we recall the great love, the great care he had for us, his children; how, were we given our days over, we would reciprocate that love

The party were then shown through the splendid home, and again taken in automobiles for a tour over that splendid city, which leads all others in the quality and extent of its boulevards. As an indication of the quality of the people having charge of the entertainment of the press party, it is perhaps only necessary to say that the auto tour passed over most of the extensive boulevards, about a hundred miles in extent, and consumed two-and-a-half hours. It gave an excellent bird's-eye view of not only the innumerable splendid homes, but also of the many vast enterprises of that truly remarkable city—as Dean Williams aptly put it—"the city with a soul."

But little time was given after the auto tour to prepare for the final splendid entertainment feature, which was a banquet in Hotel Muehlebach, beginning at 6:30 Friday evening. Here the visitors were again permitted to enjoy another feast of good things, which were vastly added to by many entertaining features in the way of "stunts", participated in by some of the leading talent of that city. Here also was given a radio concert, broadcasted by the Star. Here also was an enjoyable feature to the guests, as it was also surprising even to those in charge of the entertainment, when about a dozen newsmen broke into the banquet hall with "huxtras", which proved to be copies of the Post, containing a complete and comprehensive account of the launching of Andrew (pronounced Andy) Gump's endorsement for President, which had occurred on Col. Dickey's lawn that afternoon. It also contained a large picture of the diners as they were then assembled in the banquet hall at that time. This was a demonstration of the rapidity with which things move in that Magic City.

But, notwithstanding her splendid efforts, Kansas City did not "mop up" all the glory of the recent meeting of the Missouri Press Association, as a goodly portion passed down to this good old southeast land, when Dwight H. Brown, the capable, versatile and handsome editor of the Poplar Bluff Citizen-Democrat was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year. This merited selection is almost, if not quite, as pleasing to The Times editor as it should be to Mr. Brown. For the past three years we have been broadcasting seed in the hope of producing such a germination, which has finally taken root and brought forth a President who will confer credit on himself, as well as on the newspaper craft throughout the State.

more than we perhaps have done. It is then that the words of the past ring in our ears, "of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, it might have been."

We all agree, my friends, that Judge Harter was the highest possible type of man. A man fully conscious of his responsibilities, his duties to God and to man. He realized most of all that he was given an immortal soul and his supreme interest in life was to save that immortal soul. Accordingly, his life to the end was beyond reproach; loyal to his family, his friends and his God.

No one who has the least spark of manhood or womanhood could help but be influenced by the life and conduct of Judge Harter.

The world, my friends, is a bad school for the study of death. The world, with its allurements, its joys, its pleasures, seeks our constant attention—we would rather think of life than of death. It is only on an occasion like this, when death snatches one of us, when it steals quietly into our very midst, that we realize that there is such a thing as death after all. That life, therefore, is a preparation for death, a time of probation, a time of stewardship, and there will come a day when we must give an account to the Almighty Judge.

If we, my friends, with Tennyson, could hear the voice that is silent before this morning, that voice speaks and it tells us that only one thing is necessary, the salvation of our immortal soul; if we could feel the touch of the vanished hand; if it would urge us, it would lead us on the path of virtue and right living. Let, then, the life of Judge Harter be an inspiration to us, let us live as he has lived, in order that we may die as he has died. He has fought the good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; as for the rest, there is laid up for him a crown of Justice, which the Just Judge shall render unto him.

Loving father, devoted Christian, we bid you a last farewell.

Rev. J. L. Kelly.

John Harter died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Rudloff, in Farmington at 5:45 Wednesday evening, Sept. 20, 1922. He was 75 years, 11 months and 20 days of age. He is survived by eight children—Andrew J. of Coffman, Henry of Weingarten, Frank of St. Genevieve, Elizabeth (Mrs. Kenneth Laws), Mary (Mrs. Rudloff) of Farmington, Martha (Mrs. Yallaly) of St. Marys, Rosie (Mrs. Kreidler) of River Aux Vases, and Stella (Mrs. Beard) of Haynes, Ore. One son, Augustus, preceded his father in death twelve years. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Frank Vogt of Coffman.

Funeral services were conducted at the Farmington Catholic church by Father Kelly, Friday, Sept. 22. Interment in the Catholic cemetery.